INTERESTING EXHIBITS.

The Pueblos of the Aztecs in Miniature at the World's Fair.

Curiosities and Relics in the Anthropological Section—The Columbian Chimes—The Probable Disposition of the Fair Buildings.

[Special Chicago Correspondence.]

JUDGING from the interest manifested by those who view the exhibits in the building devoted to anthropology and ethnology at the fair it appears that the people are far from indifferent to the history of the aboriginal occupants of North America. Although somewhat removed from the central portion of the grounds this building is at all times thronged with visitors who seem loth to leave the decayed remnants of former members of early tribes of this country and the moldy skulls of human beings who once lived and moved and had their being in all quarters of the globe.

There seems to be a sort of fascination in these repulsive relics. The average person will stand and gaze into the sightless sockets of a grinning skull with as much interest as he will view a beautiful picture or a wonderful mechanism. Of course there are exceptions Some people—and they are not only the timid, nervous women, either—steer clear of these exhibits and glance askance at them if they unintentionally happen upon them.

One day recently a party of men were strolling about among the mummies when one of them, a big, rough-looking fellow, turned away from the sight with an expression of mingled awe and disgust, and expectorating with some force, exclaimed: "Say, fellers, this is too dang much for me! Them things give me the fontags. Seems like I can taste 'em."

With a laugh the others followed the squeamish fellow from the building without going any further and thus missing many very interesting sights, among them being the pueblos of the Aztecs.

Ranged along in the central portion of the building are these primitive structures of the most ancient race of redmen in North America. They are

MODELS OF PUEBLOS.

in miniature, of course, but they are so carefully modeled after the originals that they afford an accurate study of the building methods of a historic race.

Five models of as many famous pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico occupy space in the main corridor of the building. The stone and adobe dwellings of the sedentary tribes which of all the Indians reached the highest mark of civilization are shown as they stand to-day. These sedentary tribes, so called in distinction from the nomadic tribes, lived in that part of the continent which is now included by the territories of New Mexico and Arizona. The very fact of the situation of the pueblos signifies a great deal to a student of ethnology. The advancement of the savage to a state where a tribe lived together all the time within the walls of a city and could be found at home at any time by a band of hostile Indians is in a measure accounted for by the proximity to the domains of the great Aztecs. The range of the civilization of the ancient inhabitants of Mexico was as far reaching as it was potent.

One of the most remarkable of the pueblos is that of Bonito in the canyon of Chaco in New Mexico. This home of the Indian was built in the shape of a half circle and faced out on a yawning chasm. The high walls of the houses facing to the rear served the double purpose of a fortification against enemies and a protection against the elements. The buildings were all of stone and the masonry of the tribe, judged by the ruins of the towns that are left, was really marvelous. Their tools were much better than those of the other tribes of the time and the people more peaceful and industrious. The pueblo of Mashongnivi was built by the Moqui. It is much larger than either the towns of Taos or Acoma and built entirely of stone. Altogether there are over two hundred dwellings, all connected with one spot, though running off in strings in five directions. It is uninhabited to-day and still remains as it stood untold centuries ago.

A novel feature of the daily programme at the fair is the playing of the chime bells in the tower of Machinery hall. Visitors from the country who have never seen the operation of a chime of bells are at a loss to understand how it is done. Some very naturally suppose that it is done by simply pounding upon the bells with a hammer, but then again that seems a little improbable when they hear some of their favorite tunes played and with such correctness as they are executed. A visit to the east gallery of the hall will enlighten the uninitiated on chime ringing.

There the operator is at work. At first sight it would seem that he was engaged in running a double-geared combination pumping apparatus or in a spirited contest of human endurance against machinery, but a few moments' observation will reveal the fact that he is engaged in playing the tune which at the moment is rolling through the corridors of the grand Court of Honor.

Prof. C. E. Bredberg is the operator of the chimes at the fair and he manipulates the handles of the keyboard in a masterly manner. Through his skill the ears of the tired sightseer who sits upon the base of some statue, or any other base that will afford him a moment's rest, are delighted with some old-time melody as it goes ringing across the domes of the beautiful city of white.

At stated intervals during the day Prof. Bredberg opens his music book to

KEYBOARD OF THE CHIMES.

a familiar tune and places it before him on his chiming stand. Then he commences a series of gymnastics that give him muscles like a blacksmith's. It is not nearly so easy as it looks to the knot of visitors that always gathers around the railing when the professor begins. He dances up and down the line of handles, at times using one hand and at others both. When he grasps a handle he gives it a vigorous push downward, and without an instant's hesitation goes on to the next. It is the big bells that have hardened Prof. Bredberg's biceps. It is no trick at all to ring the little ones, but the deep-toned monsters with heavy clappers are harder. To ring them an amount of strength such as the ordinary man does not possess must be put into the stroke. There must be a certain amount of delicacy in each stroke, too, for any discord, however slight it might be in an ordinary instrument, produces a grating jar when it appears in a chime. Prof. Bredberg is too old at the business to make any mistakes now, and when he pushes a handle he is certain that it is the right one. His practiced ear catches the sound from the tower high above him even when the machinery hums its loudest. If anybody wants to know whether or not the professor earns his salary let him try to pump ten church organs at once and he will have some idea of it.

The chime now on exhibition is composed of ten bells in the major scale of D, and includes the flat seventh note. They grade in weight from D, the heaviest weighing 3,190 pounds, to E, the smallest one in the collection, 330 pounds. The aggregate weight is 11,820 pounds, exclusive of the attachments, or with all the attachments about 16,000 pounds. The bells rest on a heavy oak frame with the big bell on top and the smaller ones beneath it. They were taken up to the tower separately and hung in place without having been tested in any manner before leaving the factory. The tongues of the bells are connected by means of wires, straps and pulleys to the levers of the chiming stand one hundred feet below.

The subject of salvage on the fair buildings is already under discussion. In a few weeks more steps will be taken to dispose of the material of which the great buildings are composed. Much of it will of necessity be wasted, but there will be a great deal of it that can be utilized for building purposes. A great deal of the timber will be just as good as new and will doubtless go at half price or less, and it is quite likely that a great demand will arise for it to be used in the construction of dwellings near the grounds.

GONDOLA AGAINST CANOE.

The Indians Were No Match for the Gay Gondoliers.

The peaceful routine of world's fair life was interrupted one morning lately by an incident which sent a ripple of excitement over the grounds. On the shore of the south pond, which connects on the north with the lagoon, there is encamped a colony of the Haidah, or Quakuhl Indians from Queen Charlotte's and Vancouver islands. They have their massive cabin, dance house, tall totem poles and canoes conspicuously located along the shore. Some of the canoes, which are very large, and are fashioned from trunks of huge trees indigenous in those islands, bear resemblance in form to the Venetian gondolas. The resemblance, however, is confined to contour, for while the gondolas are gorgeous with paint and plush upholstery, the Quakuhl canoes are rude, weather-beaten craft.

On the morning above mentioned, Hawmissati, chief of the Quakahls, had gone out in his canoe, for a constitutional along the lagoon. Paddling leisurely along with Hisynish, his nephew, in the bow, the chieftain viewed with surprise the majestic buildings around him and bowed reverentially to the golden statue of the republic as he entered the great basin, probably thinking it an idol.

Presently, at the west end of the basin, a gondola, manipulated by two athletic gondoliers, named Giuseppe Martin and Enrico Salino, shot out from beneath the bridge and glided swiftly past the dreaming Quakuhls.

Their gay appearance roused the patriotic pride of the Hawmissatl. Grasping his paddle firmly he made a sign to his nephew, and soon the black craft went up to the gondola. The Venetians saw the movement and a race ensued which enlisted the attention of thousands along the basin.

For a time the two were nose and nose on an easterly course. It was curious to note the different action of the rowers. The gondoliers made strong, steady strokes with their oars, feathering them in the water, while the Indians, on their knees, used their short paddles nervously, until the foam rippled in white streaks from the bow of the canoe.

The Venetians in their gorgeous costumes shouted excitedly, but the Indians, stolid as a totem pole, uttered not a word. Several electric launches and gondolas followed in the wake of the racers.

Down the basin and past the golden statue went Indians and Venetians. The gondola reached the tunnel first and went through ahead. The boats then entered the south pond and made for the Quakuhl village. The gondola crept steadily ahead, for the rough-hewn canoe could not be forced through the water like the painted craft of Venice. When the village was reached the gondola made a dozen lengths in advance. The time from the middle of the north end of the Agricultural building to the village was seven minutes for the gondola and seven minutes and thirty seconds for the canoe.

When Hawmissatl landed he walked along to the gondola and looked at it attentively for some time. But he is understood to declare emphatically that he has another canoe, bearing the poetical name of Foam of the Sea, which no gondola can pass!

DON'T LIKE THE CITY.

Farmers Get Footsore and Weary and Lose Their Nerve.

At certain hours of the day the groups around the judges' stand in the live stock pavilion remind one of scenes at a Kentucky sale of blooded stock. The farmers size up the sleek animals shown in the ring, discuss their fine points and exchange critical opinions. They draw comparisons between the world's fair exhibit and that last held by some state agricultural society whose meeting they attended, and discover features of excellence here which they never before witnessed.

Then during a lull their conversation will run from horses and cattle to the price of a square meal at the fair, or the wearing effect on the nerves of the excitement incident to life in Chicago. It was such a time the other day that Farmer Ramsey, of Nebraska, stood in the midst of a group of choice agricultural spirits and said:

"I never suffered from sore feet as I do now—not even in the middle of harvest."

"Mebbe it's 'cause you walk 'round the fair ground on the gravel too much; 'tain't this tanbark in the ring that does it," said another.

"Yes; I s'pose that's it," returned Farmer Ramsey. "I ain't used to gravel. I'd hire one o' them blue-coated fellows to roll me 'round in a chair at four bits an hour if I had the money."

The reservation about the money caused everyone to laugh. They knew Farmer Ramsey to be worth $100,000. But he went on:

"I've been here two weeks and bought several square meals, so I can't afford no chairs, 'specially when I've got to stay two weeks longer and buy more meals."

Farmer Miller, of Minnesota, spoke up:

"The tremendous crowds," he said, "and the walking and sightseeing have done more than make my feet sore. They have knocked out my nervous system. I never saw such tremendous crowds. Life is too rapid for me in Chicago. I've been here several weeks and I know I could never stand it. It must be something fearful—the tension to which a Chicago business man is kept strung up all the time. Since I've been here I found my nerves going to pieces so fast that I ran up to Waukesha to get a little quiet and rest.

"It's all right to come and see the fair, but as for me I have no desire to stay here after seeing it. I want to go back to the country where people live easier and longer and die easier when their time comes.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WHEN a visitor to the fair announces that he did not see the Plaisance you may take it for granted that his wife was with him.

ORIGIN OF KILT AND TARTAN.

Scotland's National Costume Partially Derived from the Ancients.

In spite of claymores and royal edicts the Scottish kilt and clan tartan still remains the costume of particular sections of the Highland country. The present form of the kilt dates back no farther than John Lord, of Claverhouse, who caused the Highlanders to form the huge plaids (which they wound round their bodies in a picturesque fashion, as the natives of India do to this day) into the most commodious kilt, with plaid for chest, back and shoulders. It seems beyond doubt that the original costume of the Highlanders was of the above primitive description. Whoever invented the kilt preserved the picturesque appearance, while gaining decidedly in convenience. The fashion of 'kilting," i. e., forming a textile fabric in a number of close, flat plaits, dates back in the dim past, for in many sculptures of the ancient people of the east and of Egypt we find evidence that the plaiting of linen and woolen fabrics was recognized by the modistes and tailors of thousands of years ago; but the short, many-plaited kilt of Scotland was a spontaneous modification of a really national costume. For lads and boys few costumes are at once so picturesque and yet so manly as the short kilt, with jacket, sporran, skein dhue and feathered cap.

The plaid, with which both men and women of the Highlands clothed themselves, was from time immemorial woven with native-dyed wool into curious patterns of colored lines, forming various squares, so that the tartan is a genuine outcome of the primitive instincts of tribal pride, which dates to the dimmest past. No doubt the difference of clan tartans was originally due to geographical and local circumstances; for the women who spun the wool from the native flocks dyed it with natural dye stuffs of the neighborhood—the berries and bark of trees growing wild on the mountain sides. And to this fact, no doubt, was due the peculiarity that a Campbell should appear in 'green and black with a yellow line, and a Frazer in bright red with green, gray and white lines.

The advantages of this outward difference in the tribal appearance must have early become apparent, and means would naturally have been adopted to enhance the peculiar differences of clan tartans, so as to give a manifestly dissimilar appearance to men of each clan. This design, thanks to the deft fingers and clever brains of the women folk, was so successfully achieved that soon each clansman was transformed into a walking emblem of discord should he venture beyond the borders of his own tribal domain. Hence fairs and other functions, where men of different localities met and mingled, soon became more or less gory battlefields, for each man regarded an opposing tartan in the same light as a savage bull looks upon a red rag. The wearer of the green and red striped tartan was seized with a wild desire to make a hole through the blue and yellow striped plaid, to the manifest discomfort of its wearer. It became so popular a pastime this slashing of opposing tartans with claymores and skein dhues that at last a paternal government, sending forth its edicts from St. James palace, made it a penal offense to wear tartans in the Highlands of Scotland.

It was not long obeyed. And resumption of the custom brought more pronounced coloring and more numerous variations. Some of the tartans seem to have been specially designed to set the heather on fire. Such is that all the Macduffs (to which clan the Princess Victoria of Wales has been united by marriage with the duke of Fife), which is red with far apart bars of black and green. The Macfies' tartan is also bright red, with broad, very far apart bands of green and small lines of white, the Macgregors having another alarming combination of the kind. The Macleod tartan is a most trying arrangement of bright yellow with broad tight black thread band, forming black spots where they cross, and thin red lines; while quite as bad is the light yellow and bright red of the Macmillans, and the eccentric complication of white, blue, black and red of the Ogilvies.

Some of the tartans are reserved for the chief of the clan and his heir, or, at all events, his family alone. Chiefs of the Highland clans sport two eagles' feathers in their caps and their sons a single eagle's feather. The armorial or crested brooch on the shoulders was not only used to fasten the plaid, but to hold the clan badge, a sprig of some native shrub, such as the wild thyme and holly of the Drummonds, the broom of the Forbes and MacKays, the wild myrtle and club moss of the Campbells, ivy of the Gordons and juniper of the Macleods.—London Queen.

DELIGHTS OF CAMPING OUT.

It Is a Cheap and Pleasant Way of Spending Your Vacation.

A young woman brown as a berry and with flesh as firm as a proverbial rock, came into the office the other morning with her arms loaded with wild flowers and her whole being redolent of piney woods and ferny dells. After the usual interchange of feminine greetings the visitor leaned back in the easy chair, and, with genuine pity in her brown eyes, exclaimed: "You poor thing, how I do pity you, cooped up here in town, while I am idling away these hot days in sylvian solitudes 'far from madding crowd's ignoble strife.'" After having graciously accepted her condolences we made haste to inquire where this Eden was situated, and were rewarded by an account of a novel way of summering, which we will repeat in the visitor's own words.

"There are four of us camping out this summer. This number doesn't include our colored cook, a regular old mammy, who evidently regards us as a sedate old hen would a quartet of frisky ducklings. We couldn't afford a hotel and we despise cooped-up rooms in boarding houses, so we hit upon this plan, and it doesn't cost nearly as much and we get ten times more fun out of it. We don't have a truly tent, but have hired an old cabin with four rooms that we have fitted up with cots and a few rugs, and our decorations consist of grasses and colored advertisements. We live outdoors, for we own our own boats and have hammocks and easy canvas chairs that we can move about from place to place at our own sweet will. In the morning we take a dip in the lake and in the evening we float about on its surface, our boat lit up with lanterns and our banjos and guitars tuned up in fine style, and we sing and laugh until the katy-dids and the bullfrogs wake the echoes of the night, when we turn in and sleep until morning without turning over. Our clothes don't cost us sixpence, for we live in serges and blouse waists, and when next winter comes we will be in pocket and in health, to say nothing of having had a glorious time."

When the door closed after this human brownie we took up the pen, and as with every stroke we inhaled the fragrance from the souvenir of the woods which she had left behind her we determined to let other women know how one had solved the problem of a delightful summer outing at a very trifling expenditure.—Philadelphia Times.

A SHREWD EASTERNER.

His Methods of Land Grabbing Were Unique if Not Commendable.

"There are devices practiced in the far west," observed an Omaha man recently, "for making money; devices that appeal to the enterprising and ingenious citizen, and that are, by a long way, more ingenious than commendable.

"Every now and then," he went on, "a shrewd easterner sees an unlooked for opportunity to get ahead in the west. He generally intends to remain just long enough to get a big bank account and then to return home and spend his money. Oftener than not, he does not return, and the west, particularly the 'new west,' is recruited with just such eastern adventurers.

"There is a man living on a claim near the frontier town of Heela, Wyo., whose career so far has been preeminently successful.

"Less than a year ago he took out a land claim for six hundred acres. He had his eye upon the land adjoining his own, where an old frontiersman lived alone with his daughter.

"The shrewd easterner gained the favor of the old man by winning his way into the daughter's affections and afterward marrying her.

"He then put his father-in-law into the way of stealing sheep that had wandered from neighboring ranches, claiming that they were communistic property. Both were arrested, as the 'business' man knew and intended they should be. The latter then turned state's evidence and was set free.

"That was part of his well-formulated scheme. While his father-in-law was serving out his sentence in prison the easterner jumped the old man's claim, hired an unscrupulous neighbor to run away with his wife and obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion.

"He now smokes the pipe of peace as he surveys his broad acres and congratulates himself upon his shrewdness. He will probably return east some day. No doubt he'll pose as a western cattle king or something of the sort when he does."—N. Y. Herald.

BROUGHT TO TIME.

Two Backward Swains Who Were Forced to Pop.

This is about two girls who lived in a western mining town, and who might have been married to the choicest young men of the town if they hadn't each fallen in love with one of the weakest. The boys were friends, named respectively Smith and Curtiss, and they were so slow to "pop" the important question, even while desperately in love, that the girls concluded to bring them to time.

"Just the way men do," said Sally Hanks, "take a six-shooter and ask them their intentions. There won't be any need of loading the shooters—they'll be so scared they'll drop the minute they see them."

The young men were partners in business, and Sally Hanks and her friend Ethel Barber called together at their office, carrying the weapons concealed in their hand-bags.

Ethel trembled so she could hardly stand, but her friend Sally was nerved right up to business.

"We're just tired of shilly-shallying," she said sternly; "if you don't know your own minds, we'll help you to find out, and we won't stand any more foolin', for there's others waitin'," and she took out her six-shooter and held it under the nose of Byron Smith, who nearly fainted.

"I'm your huckleberry," he gasped and dropped on his knees.

Curtiss took the weapon in a gingerly fashion out of Ethel's hands and asked her to be Mrs. Curtiss at the earliest possible date.

But Sally kept hers, and they do say that it has figured in their domestic history on occasions since then, but I can vouch for its never having been loaded.

Once when Byron Smith refused to eat some bread his wife had made and threw it on the floor, Sally had recourse to her six-shooter. Pointing it at him, she said sternly:

"Pick up that bread."

He picked it up.

"Now eat it."

He ate it to the last crumb, and then wondered meekly why his wife laughed.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Always Applicable.

"'Len' a helpin' han' to a fr'en', dat's my motto," said Uncle Eben.

"Yass, indeed," remarked his spruce nephew from town, "but dah's one time when it doan' wu'hk."

"What?"

"In er pokah game." — Washington Star.

SOME SINGULAR CUSTOMS.

THE Tartars take a man by the ear to invite him to eat or drink with them.

WHEN meeting a friend the Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of his friend's.

THE Laplanders rub their noses against the nose of him whom they would honor.

IN many parts of Java the bride shows her subjection by washing the feet of the groom.

THE Chinese have an academy of manners that prescribes etiquette for the whole empire.

THE body of a dead Chinaman is often kept in his late home for three or four years before burial.

JAPANESE ladies of the olden time gilded their teeth; in the East Indies black teeth were the fashion.

THE practice of using eggs at Easter is of Hindoo origin, the egg being in India an emblem of immortality.

AT THE time of the discovery of America the rank of a Peruvian lady might be determined by the size of the ring she wore in her nose.

THE Dyak head hunting has a religious origin. The Dyak believes that every person he kills in this world will be his slave in the next.

IN China white is the color of mourning; in Egypt, yellow; in Turkey, violet; in Ethiopia, brown; in Europe during the middle ages, white.

DOWN to the present century a part of the marriage ceremony in Hungary consisted in the groom giving the bride a kick to remind her of her subjection.

AMONG the head hunters of Borneo a man is not permitted to offer marriage to a woman of his tribe until he brings her the head of a man killed by himself.

NAMES ARE NOT KNOWN.

HICCOUGHS too freely indulged in proved the death of an old man in Massachusetts.

AN industrious little colored boy in Atlanta, Ga., aged seven years, was lately induced to set fire to a house for a reward of five cents.

A MONKEY that died in Butte City, Mont., was such a pet that his owner induced an irreverent wretch to preach a sermon over the animal's remains.

Two YOUNG men were injured similarly in Brooklyn a few days ago by accidentally falling from windows about the same hour, in the same street and within a block of each other. Both were picked up unconscious and removed to the same hospital.

AN east side New York junk dealer purchased at a farm sale on Long Island the other day a fine old crown-topped bronze bell. It bears a cross, the pious initials "I. H. S.," the date 1779, and this inscription in Spanish: "Conmi boz. Alabo a Dios." It looks like a relic with a history, and it may have been the bell of a wrecked Spanish vessel.

GATHERED ODDITIES.

A THREE-LEGGED chicken attracts many visitors to the farm of John Owens, in Bucora, Wash.

A SHINGLE was removed last October from the roof of the Congregational church at Farmington, Conn., where it had been since 1771.

A DUCK in Calloway county, Mo., has initiated a new fashion in the line of eggs. All of the eggs it has laid this month have had shells that are perfectly black.

A GOVERNMENT check for one cent, given during the war to correct an error, is still in the possession of a New York man. It could be cashed at any time if the owner so desired.

A WHALE of the hump-back species, that is believed to have been struck by some passing vessel, was washed ashore at Long Beach, Wash., one day lately. The whale measured nearly fifty-two feet in length.

THE "rocking stone," in Sullivan county, N. Y., weighs forty tons, and is so evenly balanced on a table of rock that it can be easily set in motion by the pressure of a finger, yet so solidly laid the combined strength of one hundred men without artificial appliances could not displace it.

DAIRY WISDOM.

GROUND oats is an excellent feed for calves.

THE best of cottage cheese can be made from buttermilk.

KEEP only those that will pay a profit all the year around.

NOW is the time to fatten the animals that you wish to turn off.

KEEP the stables darkened to keep out the flies, but be sure the ventilation is good.

IT is a great pleasure to make butter from a beautiful thoroughbred herd of butter cows, and what is better it pays.

IT cannot be repeated too often that the same amount of feed will make twice the growth in warm weather it will in cold.

THE keeping and feeding of scrub cattle is a waist of feed and care in a way, and it will not keep the boys and girls on the farm.

THE annual report of the Boston fire department attributes the cause of a number of fires in that city last year to "smoking in bed," and it has a subdivision in which the origin of the fire is set down to "careless smoking in bed."